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Trapped

SNOWBOUND! For two weeks the blizzard had raged, leaving in its wake a ghostly desolation. Dead tree limbs cracked like pistol shots at the bite of the intense cold. Except for the howls of the famished wolves, a deathly silence brooded. Life seemed extinct.

The cabin was getting cold. The wind blew gustily down the fireplace and made whirling eddies of the dead, white ashes. The feverish eyes of the trapper watched them. He gazed fascinated for minutes at a time, seemingly turned to stone. More frequently now the racking pangs of starvation returned to his stomach and slowly bent him double with agony. For ten days not a morsel had passed between his numb, blue lips. Before the blizzard had buried the rabbits under twenty feet of snow, he had killed a couple of the big snowshoes within several yards of the cabin. Three days later the skins and offal partly succeeded in staving off the grim spectre for a few brief hours. It would be days before the snow would have a crust sufficient to bear the weight of a man on snowshoes. Before that time. . . . He gazed morbidly at the heavy black revolver on the table.

It was getting colder in the cabin. The snow sifted down the fireplace and covered the hearth with a thin layer of crystals. The trapper shifted his unnaturally bright


eyes to the calendar on the wall. Christmas! With the realization came pictures of brightly lighted Christmas trees, big, warm, blazing fires and the scent of hot roasting turkey. The pain, like a dull knife thrust in the abdomen, returned to haunt him. The rising wind whistled eerily in the notched logs.

-- What was that? A steady throb reached the ears of the uncomprehending man. An airplane! He rushed out, floundering about in the powdery snowdrift, shouting hysterical incoherent things to the circling plane, only to have them snatched unheard in the screaming blasts of wind. The plane bearing the insignia of the U. S. air mail circled lower. A package dropped several feet from the wildly gesticulating figure into a snowdrift. The pilot waved cheerfully back and set his course due north into the ominous gray cloud bank that promised another blizzard before the rapidly falling dusk.

Like a beast he dug the parcel out of the snow, and nearly frozen to death he dragged himself into the cabin. With fingers stiff from cold he tore the paper wrappings apart. His horrified eyes gazed at the Hudson Bay Company's gaudily illustrated "Cookbook for Trappers." His hand moved slowly toward the revolver.

BILL HARDIN, '31.

The White Killer

AR up in the fastness of the Canadian woods a giant spruce stood; and although there seemed to be nothing remarkable about this particular tree, it had nevertheless been for almost six months the chief domicile and daylight sleeping place for a great snowy owl.

As soon as the sun had set and the short winter day had come to its end the great bird sidled out on a bare, dead limb and flexed his huge wings preparatory to setting out on his nightly expedition.

A magnificent figure he made as he sat there silhouetted against the darkening sky with his huge wings, six and one-half feet from tip to tip, extended above his head and

his great yellow eyes staring into the gloomy forest. As he sat there, every slight sound made by the awakening creatures of the wild reached his ears—ears so wonderfully sensitive that we can hardly conceive of it.

The slight pattering and squeaking of a family of mice as they played under a near-by stump, the soft pad of the snowshoe rabbit's feet as he hopped about in the thicket beneath, the scratching of a squirrel's claws as he clambered up a tree—all were heard and noted. Just as the pale moon rose above the treetops, casting grotesque shadows throughout the woods, he spread his wings with a slow, graceful motion and sailed away as silently as though he were floating upon the sable wings of Night herself, for so delicately were his wings feathered that he made not the slightest sound.

Like human hunters, he had his own favorite hunting grounds, and he at once made his way to a little glade where he knew rabbits loved to frolic and play in the moonlight.

As he came gliding over the tops of the trees he was at once seen by that sentinel which snowshoe rabbits always seem to have when feeding or at play, and this one dutifully thumped his feet on the ground in the usual signal of warning. The momentary hesitation caused by this act cost him his own life.

A quick swoop, a murderous grasp of rending talons, an agonized squeak, and it was all over. In a few moments a red spot on the snow and a few scattered bits of fur were all that remained of the deed, while the great owl, his hunger for food satiated but his lust for blood still rampant, sailed away in search of more victims. He found rather easy pickings, and during the remainder of the night he was able to kill another rabbit, two grouse that roosted contentedly in a too-exposed place, and a marten, that little terror of the trees, whose fur is more than worth its weight in gold.


As he made his way back to the old spruce, flying rather higher than was his wont, for he wasn't hunting now,

he spied a black blot on the snow below. It looked like some animal in distress and more than once he had made an end of some denizen of the forest that had been caught in a trap or had met with injury in some manner. He swooped lower for a better look, and it seemed to him that his first guess had been correct—that here was more easy prey. However, the owl was wary and did not attack at once, but was content to follow along just behind his prospective victim who struggled along as if unaware of the Death-in-Feathers that lurked overhead. It seemed that the creature was making for a little clump of bushes just ahead, and the owl, thinking his prey about to escape, swooped downward. At the last instant he sensed that he had made a mistake and attempted to swerve upward. Too late! A snarling, demoniac face, like a great weasel's, turned around to face him and a lightning-like claw reached up and fastened itself in the great bird's body. There was a flurry of snow, a shaking of the bushes, a convulsive beating of wings—then silence. The owl had fallen into the trap that the fisher, starving, had baited with his own body. The animal had not been injured, but had pretended to be, to entice the owl within reach of his claws.

No longer would a shadowy form float swiftly across a moonlit clearing to pounce upon some unfortunate creature, and no longer would a merciless killer set out from the great spruce with the coming of nightfall to wreak havoc upon the creatures of the wild, for the terror of the dark was dead.

GAFFORD RABY, '33.

Oh, Lord, Sabe Dis Nigger!

ACOB LEVIATHAN JONES was a resident of the dark spot of Nashville. He couldn't remember having done any work since he was born and he was trying to hold up his reputation. His friends called him "the laziest nigger on Cedar Street." Jacob had a wife who was very fond of him, although she wouldn't admit it. She took in washing from four or five families which made a living for her and her husband. Sometimes she

saved a little money from the week's expenses and put it in the bank. She had already saved a good little sum and she was planning to make with it a trip to see her sister in Chicago.

The day before the trip Mandy was very busy finishing up the last of the washing. The next day was Sunday and the bank would be closed, so she sent Jacob to the bank after the money. She was going to leave Jacob at home because he didn't know how to act among "rich people." On the way to the bank many thoughts were in Jacob's mind. Where was he going to get his food while she was gone? Who was going to rub the rheumatism out of his back? Question after question he asked himself and the answer was "Nobody."

After he got the money at the bank he started home in a very downcast mood. As he took a short cut through an alley he thought he heard some familiar voices in a barn. He went over and peeped in, and to his great satisfaction he saw a crap game. If there was anything that Jacob had rather do than shoot craps, it was eat. He walked in for a little while and stood by. His hands were itching for the feel of those dice between his fingers. Finally one of the men said: "Come on, Jake, ain'tcha going to git in?"

"Naw, I'se broke."

"What's dat I hear in yo' pockets? Whose dough is dat?"

"Aw, dat's Mandy's. She would kill me if I lost dis."

"Aw, come on and shoot; you know you is lucky wid the dice."

The temptation was too strong, so Jacob took his place. He had \$53.

"What you shoot?"

"Ten dollahs."

"Faded; shoot!"

Jacob threw the dice and two sixes came up.

"Now whatcha shoot?"

"Ten mo'."

Again he rolled the dice and two ones came up.
"Aha! Now whatcha shoot?"

Jacob had \$33 dollars left and he had to get his money back or Mandy would probably kill him. If he shot his \$33 and hit he would win Mandy's money back and \$13 for himself. This would buy him food while Mandy was gone. His sporting blood was aroused.

"Ah shoots \$33!"

"Man's dat's a lot of money, but I'll fade it."

Jacob took the dice in his hands. Closing his eyes, he said: "Oh, Lord, sabe dis nigger from sure death."

He threw the dice and closed his eyes. When he opened them, a six and a five were looking him in the face. He grabbed the money and raised his face to the sky: "Thank you, good Lord!"

GEORGE SMITH, '31.

The Squealer

EXTRA! EXTRA!" a voice rang through the night. "All about the gang murder! Man killed without mercy." It was three o'clock in the morning; nothing was moving, nothing heard except the shrill cry of the newsboy. The people in the tenement houses lined up and down the street heard and responded by buying a paper.

In one of the rooms way up on the third floor of one of the worst looking houses on the street a pale and frightened lad about twenty sprang out of bed and called the boy up to his room. Upon reading the paper he suddenly cast himself upon the bed. The man that had been shot was his pal. This made the second one of them that had died lately, and he knew that he was next. The very thought made him shiver. What could he do? Finally he got up enough courage to go down the street to a sandwich shop and get his breakfast. Upon returning to his room he opened the door and found a note which read: "Be at Twenty-ninth and Blair tonight at nine o'clock sharp." There was no signature to the note. He rushed to the door and looked up and down the hall, but could see no one. Where had the note

come from? He locked the door and pulled down the shades. With tears in his eyes he sat down on the bed and asked himself, "Why did I squeal? I could have paid five years and then been free. Now I don't know what to do. I am not even safe. Why did I tell?"

Six o'clock found him still in his room, the floor covered with cigarette butts. He was frantic; his face was drawn and his hands were shaking. Only three more hours to live! This went through his mind like lightning. Finally the hour came. Putting on his hat and coat, he left his room. What should he do? Walk to his death? At last he decided to go the other way. Turning, he started up the street to sneak through the alley. He had gotten half way up it when a black touring car swung into the alley. He darted into a doorway, but was too late. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!

E. MCKINNEY, '32.

Scars

PLANES diving and zooming. Spads and Fokkers—the air seemed full of them. Death lurking in every twist and turn the frenzied pilots make and in every burst of machine-gun steel. There! An incendiary bullet strikes a climbing Spad in the gas tank, and in a second the plane is enveloped in flames. A Fokker caught between a deadly crossfire shudders and dives with a dead hand on the stick. Minutes seem years. Spinning out of the melee, obviously not under control, an American ship headed downward for the inevitable crash. It made one last response to the frantic efforts of its pilot. The nose came up when almost to the ground, but this effort proved too much for the riddled wing and it collapsed.

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"Come right on, brother. What'll it be for you? . . .
Oh, you're looking for a job? Ever had any experience cooking or serving? No? Well, I guess I can use you several days, anyway. Perhaps the night shift would be better. Not much doing—just an occasional sandwich or cof-

fee order. This settin' up at night waitin' for the theater rush is too much for an old man like me. Say, were you ever in a fire? I can't see as well as I uster, but those scars on your face and hands look to me like burns! . . . Uh huh, I thought so. Hard to mistake 'em."

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"Yeh, and bring me a bottle of milk with that piece of pie. . . . Gee, Bob, don't you wish another war would break out? After seeing that show I won't be satisfied until I can go and shoot down a flock of aces! I wouldn't enlist in anything but the air service now. I wish Germany or somebody else would start another war, so we'd get a chance to cop some glory like Lieut. Barry Reed in that show! I just wish I was old enough to enlist in the aviation corps? . . . Say, did you see the queer way that bird looked at us? Wonder how he got those horrible, livid scars on his face?"

BILL HARDIN, '31.

Summer Seas

IT WAS a day in June. The S. S. Lafcomo was tied up at the docks taking on water, oil and other stores to sail for Spain. My father walked down the gang-plank and waved good-bye and wished me luck on my trip. This was my first experience as a sailor, and I hated to see him leave. A thousand and one things ran through my mind as I was standing at the rail amidship waiting for the boat to sail. Finally a voice on the flying bridge sang out, "Stand by fore and aft!" I knew that it would not be long before the ship would sail.

The mate came up to me and assigned me my post, and finally we had the vessel out of the harbor. The course was set; we were headed for Cadiz, Spain. We started immediately coiling ropes and storing away the rigging.

After supper I was walking around the boat trying to get familiar with my surroundings when I walked into the mess hall where the rest of the crew were engaged in card and dice games. I was standing around looking on with

interest when one of the men gave up his hand and came over and spoke to me. He motioned for me to follow him as he walked to the ladder leading to the boat deck and took his seat on one of the boats. I sat down beside him wondering what would come next. Then he said, "I hear you are a school boy and are taking the trip for experience. I am also going to school in New Orleans, but let's keep this mum, for the sailors do not like to have school boys on the boat, and it may cause trouble. I am a reporter on a newspaper, and I am taking this trip for the paper. This is also my first trip across, but I have been sailing coastwise most every summer and know some of the ways of the sea. I will be glad to help you in any way. My name is Harold Copeland."

I introduced myself, saying that I appreciated his advice and if I needed him I would call on him.

We sat and talked a long time, and he explained a lot of things about the boat to me. We then decided to go to the fo'castle to get some sleep, for he said tomorrow would be a hard day.

We had fine weather and good luck going across and landed in Cadiz, Spain, after twenty-one days. It surely did seem good to get on land once more and walk around. From Cadiz we went to Barcelona, Valencia, Huelva and Seville. We took in a few cabarets and had a very pleasant stay in Spain until the boat with its cargo of cork and olive oil set sail for the States on September 1.

I was glad to start back home where I would be able to understand what the people were talking about. We were having fine sailing weather, although the heat was terrible; the thermometer was reading about 120 degrees in the shade. We were about five days out of Cuba. I knew that it wouldn't be long before I was at home once more.

Eight bells rang in the wheel-house, and as it was my watch on the wheel I went back and read the log and gave the reading to the mate and took my post on the wheel. It was extremely hot that day and the sea as calm as a

mirror. The captain and mate were standing over by the chart table.

The captain said: "Mate, I believe that a terrible storm is going to follow after this calm, and in the condition this steering gear is on this boat it is going to give us trouble."

As they were standing there talking the chief cook came upon the bridge with a frightened look on his face and sang out to the captain: "Smoke is coming out of No. 3 Hatch, sir. I am afraid that the cork has caught on fire!" At that the captain and mate ran out of the wheel-house to the rail of the flying-bridge and yelled, "Fire!" and gave orders to ring the fire alarm. I stood there on the wheel scared half to death; I did not know whether to stay on the wheel or run for the life-boats. Finally the captain came back in and took the lever of the telegraph instrument and pulled it around to the stop signal. Then he told me to let the wheel go and to turn to with the rest of the men to put out the fire. When I got off the flying-bridge the decks were red hot in midship, and the crew was connecting fire hose and turning water down in the hold. They were getting ready to lower the mate down on a rope to see if he could locate the fire and, if so, find the best way to go about fighting it. He was let down and had not been down there a second when he gave the signal for us to pull him up. When we got him back up and had taken him over to the rail so he could get over his coughing spell, he said: "The fumes of the chemicals from the cork are so strong that no one could stand it long enough to do any good, so batten down everything tight so that the draft cannot get to the fire and turn the steam hose in the hatch and see if we can smother the fire out!"

We had started carrying out the mate's orders when some one asked where the captain was and why he had not been around giving orders. Then the cook spoke up and said that he had come into the galley a minute ago and said he was going to do some fishing while the boat was still as he wanted some meat. Sure enough, there he was

sitting upon the flying bridge calmly fishing during all the excitement.

Then Copeland came up to me and said: "Oh, boy! This surely is going to make a good story for the paper." He really talked as if he was glad something like this had happened so that he would have something exciting to send the newspaper. Then I told him what I had heard the captain say about the storm. I told him that he had better save that and send in all the exciting news at one time and make a big story out of it.

Next morning the mate came back to the fo'castle and said that we would have to get in through Hatch 4 and try to save the cork in No. 4 Hold and try to get to the fire through that hold. He said if we kept the steam hose on that we would use all the steam and would not have any to make drinking water. Also we would have to move all the grub out of the storeroom in midship before the fire ruined it all. Moving the food was not so bad, for we moved all the good things to eat into our fo'castle, and what we didn't think we would like we left in the hospital on the way back to our fo'castle for the officers to eat. We then opened Hatch No. 4 and started moving the cork out. The captain came back with a case of cognac and told the cook to put it in a tub and make us a tub of highballs with lemons. The crew worked like slaves for a while, carrying cork and trying to get to the fire, but they began going to the tub too often and got liquored up a little too much and started dragging back. The draft with the hatch opened started to spread the fire, so that the captain ordered the hatch closed again. We went back to the fo'castle and made a feast off the grub that we had gotten. I was beginning to think that fires at sea were not so bad after all.

But that night the storm hit us and at a mighty bad time, for already the ship was in about as much trouble as it could stand. The captain was not fishing, and neither was the crew engaged in its usual card games. The steering gear broke as the captain had said. The wireless op-


erator was trying to get an S.O.S. call through, but the storm had blown down his wiring and this was impossible.

It was a terrible thing, for a West Indies hurricane is really an awful thing, but luck was with us. The chief engineer managed to get the reserve steering gear into running condition, and after three days more of the hurricane we made it into Havana, Cuba.

It was a glad day for me when I got my foot on shore once more. After they got the fire out and the boat repaired enough and ready to sail for home I hated to know I had to ride the rest of the way on it. We sailed from Cuba and within three days we were tied up at the docks where we had started. And in one day school began.

MALCOLM POAGE, '32.

Just Another Carnival Day

T Was carnival day. A stranger in the quaint old city of New Orleans would have thought the whole town mad. Everywhere the eye could reach was a whirl of color—brass bands, horns blowing, cheers, loud laughter blended with tinkling “Mardi Gras bells,” throngs of pleasure-mad people rushing pell-mell in no special direction whatever—just another carnival day!

In a quiet, secluded attic room in the DKE house Tiny Lawrence sat and studied—a veritable giant of a man towering over his classmates by a full head. Every now and then he would raise his head and listen to the gay laughter and merry-making in the rooms below. The boys had planned a truck and every one was masked and bent on making a day of it—that is, every one but Tiny, a poor boy working his way through school, and with only one more year to go until he received his M.D. degree. No, decidedly he couldn't join the others with an important quiz in the morning.

However, in a few moments the door burst open and Bill and Sleepy, two brothers, dashed into the room, pulling Tiny from his studies.

"Come on, Tiny; let's get going. The truck's here and we have the hottest band in town to play for us!" cried Sleepy. "You just can't miss all the fun. Aw, come on!"

"Say, listen; you can't miss a date with Dolores. She swears she won't budge out of the door unless she's hanging onto your arm. You're a fool to miss a hot date like her to cram for a quiz. She's really a honey!" supplied Bill.

"Well," said Tiny, "I really should study. I had to work late last night and even missed the Sig Nu dance just to come home to learn all this mess! But—well, listen now. Have I your promise to let me study in peace to-night?"

Naturally they both nodded assent.

Together they rushed down the stairs to join the crowd, singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Youth—joyous, gay, laughing youth without a care for tomorrow, bent on making a day of it. Pretty, fresh, smiling faces of girls, hiding behind masks—a Spanish senorita, an old-fashioned miss with white powdered wig, a gypsy dancing girl. The boys transformed into harlequins, cavaliers, toreadors, sailors, black-faced comedians—every costume met the eye.

In all that conglomeration Tiny stood towering above them all. He was their idol. A marvelous athlete, surpassing in football and holding records in track—a self-made man and proud of it.

Finally the truck, loaded with maskers, got under way. The traffic was dense. Everywhere were people, people, people. Young and old alike were out to join in the fun.

After skirting the crowds as much as possible they reached the downtown section. The orchestra with them was playing and couples sang and danced. There was a delay where the crowd was the densest. Some negroes who were drinking were shouting and cursing and altogether behaving in a most shameful manner in front of every one.

Bill shouted: "Say, you niggers, pipe down or I'll knock your block off."

"Yeah, you and who else?" roared a gin-crazed black. "You po' white trash!"

At that Bill spit on the negro who became so infuriated that he pulled out a pistol and began to threaten them.

When Bill saw that he climbed down off the truck. The negro saw him coming and became so frightened he pressed the trigger. The shot passed over Bill's head and in a moment a cry of agony came from Tiny as he dropped to the floor of the truck.

Completely stunned, for a moment no one moved; then a shrill scream pierced the air as Dolores, Tiny's date, dropped in a dead faint. Bill, galvanized into action, leaped back on the truck and reached Tiny's side.

"Good God! he's dead!" came the agonized tones of Bill.

The realization of the situation came suddenly to the others; smiles remained frozen on blanched faces. The orchestra stopped dead. Every one remained in his place as though rooted to the spot.

Then suddenly the fun was gone. Girls began to sob hysterically and the truck moved on. Back to the house went every one. Bill and Sleepy headed the other brothers who solemnly carried the dead boy up the stairway and into his attic room where his books still remained open as if inviting him back to his studies.

PERRY DOERR, '31.

A Song from Home

I'M ALMOST down to my last sou," thought Jan Lepovic, as he leaned wearily on the parapet of the bridge overlooking the Seine.

How beautiful the lazy old river looked in the violet dusk, mirroring the thousands of twinkling lights reflected in it. Toward the west the last rays of the setting sun had flung its rose and gold banner behind the gray towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame. How lovely it all was, and how its beauty sank into the soul of the lonely, hungry gypsy artist. And he could paint! Had not the great

master, Henri Lefevre, said so himself, even if he could sell only a few of his pictures? He realized his own genius. He would show them some day. If he only could get enough food; and then there was the rent for his little studio.

The evening was cold. He had no overcoat. Shrugging his shoulders, he began to walk. Somehow he must think tonight, think furiously what to do. He quickened his pace—on and on, until he came to the glittering thoroughfare, the Rue de la Paix, whose exquisite shops and gay crowds made him forget his own misery for a little while.

He paused, cold and exhausted, before the famous Cafe de la Paix. The little tables on the sidewalk were nearly all taken, but from where he stood he could feel the warmth of the charcoal stove, and it encouraged him to enter in spite of his shabbiness. He sank wearily into a chair in a far corner and ordered coffee. He could not afford any rolls. But what was that sound?

Why, some one at the other end was playing a violin and singing a song. It was a familiar song of his own people, throbbing with the wild gypsy life that he loved. How many years had it been since he had heard that song in far-away Buda-Pest.

His heart beat quickly. An old man was coming nearer playing a Hungarian rhapsody as he walked. As he approached Jan's table he began to sing again. The young man could stand it no longer, but began to sing with him, his fine young tenor blending with the thin, cracked tones of the old man.

Coins poured into the hat of the ancient musician as he passed among the people. His eyes gleamed with a happy light as he approached the young man and laid his hat upon the table. "Half of this is for you, comrade," he said, in his own tongue.

The young man smiled and shook his head. How long they talked in their native language; how long they sat there they did not know. Suddenly the old man started up as though terrified. "Mariska, my granddaughter,"

he said, "will be expecting me. She will be worried. She will think I have been run over, perhaps killed. I must make haste. And you—you must come home with me to-night." The young man hesitated. The old man urged him almost fiercely. On they trudged together—such a distance, miles!

At the door of a quaint little house Mariska waited. "How late you are, grandfather!" she scolded. "How frightened I have been, and how long your supper has been waiting!"

"Ah, it smells good," said the old man. "I have brought"—and he presented the young artist.

Mariska blushed. She was a little offended. Who was this stranger her grandfather was bringing this hour of the night? No stranger indeed, but one of her own people; and soon over bowls of Mariska's stew they both realized that. As for Jan, being the artist that he was, Mariska's gypsy beauty made his heart beat very fast. But Mariska was very shy and retired to her own room soon after the meal was finished.

After she had gone, Jan smiled into the eyes of the old man, who looking at him rather wistfully. "You like my little granddaughter?" he inquired.

"I love her dearly," said Jan.

"And now," said the old man, "I have much to say to you, and the time is short. Here," he continued, touching his heart—"when the end comes, it will come quickly. I have been worried about Mariska. We are all alone in the world and far from my native land. Many years have I tramped these streets through cold winters and summer's heat. The people have liked my songs."

He rose and went into the corner of the room and lifted the corner of the carpet. He touched a spring and a small trap-door shot up. He lifted out a large box and placed it on the table before him and opened it with a small key, tied to a string that hung around his neck. What a lot of money! Notes and coins. He did not trust banks; he did not understand them, so he kept his money there under

that little trap-door. No one had ever suspected or molested it.

And now he said, "I want to write." He pointed to the bed. "You are tired. It's large enough for both of us."

The young man was a little reluctant, but the old man insisted. Jan was tired, and soon was sound asleep.

He was awakened in the morning by the frightened voice of Mariska. "He is dead!" she cried. "My dear, dear grandfather!"

He was still sitting in the chair, and the lamp burned dimly. His passing was peaceful, for he was almost smiling. On the table lay a paper.

By the dim light they both read: "All my earthly belongings I leave to my beloved granddaughter, Mariska—and her betrother, Jan Lepovic, who loved her dearly."

Jan solemnly took her hand. "Mariska, will you marry me?"

She pointed to the paper on the table and said: "It is written."

SPENCER SHROPSHIRE, '31.





THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Entered at Post Office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable Business Manager, M. B. A. Bulletin.

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Dear Santa Claus: We are still the same happy family this year as last. It is true that we are somewhat smaller than last year, but the same spirit and loyalty to M. B. A. is characteristic. This year there is not such a tremendous amount of things we need, thanks to the M. B. A. Woman's Auxiliary Club. But there is always room for improvement, especially on a campus and about the buildings of a school of M. B. A.'s type. A gift we would all appreciate would be a collection and restoration of as many of the pictures as possible that were destroyed in the fire which destroyed our old main building. Yet this is pos-

sible only through the co-operation of every one who is sincerely interested in providing a background for a school that is rich in tradition. Books to the library are always welcome as gifts and in the library will be of use and benefit to every one. A present of hard work, attention and discipline to the faculty would in turn be a present of a high average in exams to the students. Remember that when you take good care of the school's property you are unconsciously giving to the boy who succeeds you. "To give is better than to receive." EDWARD HALLORAN, '32.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a subject often discussed, but not the proper way. By school spirit is meant spirit in anything concerning school or school work, especially in sports; this is where it is often misused, mostly in criticizing opponents, which is very ungentlemanly, and gives your school a bad reputation. One person can ruin the reputation of a school by the misuse of school spirit. A good definition of school spirit is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Any school large or small can have school spirit by living up to the standards of the school. One thing that generally ruins school spirit is a bad team; but you can still have school spirit by taking in a sportsmanlike manner your defeats as well as you do your victories. This is the greatest and hardest task. Let us live up to this.

E. MCKINNEY, '33.

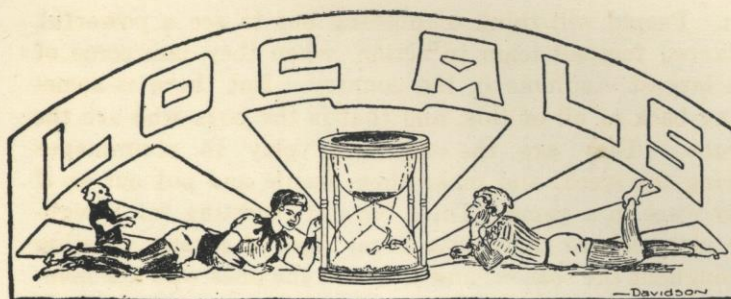
THE SECOND TEAM

A team that boasts of a wonderful record in most cases will have a powerful reserve squad. Boys who play on the team which people consider the reserves are not given the credit which they deserve. The first team is the one which is brought before the eyes of the public by the sport writers everywhere, owing to the great records which they have made with their goal lines uncrossed and the large number of points which they have scored throughout the sea-

son. People will think of nothing but to see a powerful, balanced football team in action, when they jam some of the largest stadiums in the country. But there is something back of all of this, and that is the boys who are the scrubs. They are the ones who play in scrimmages during the week, and make them hustle and put out as if they were in a game. These boys are fighting for a regular place where there is a great deal of rivalry existing throughout the season; and it makes the ones who are holding a regular position work hard. A fine spirit is realized from this which is beneficial to every one. So hats off to the second team.

EDWARD HALLORAN, '32.





ALUMNI NOTES

We noticed that in the opening lineup Sewanee had three M. B. A. men on the basketball team, namely, Goodman, McAlpine, and Morton. It looks like Goodman and McAlpine are getting back to their old form because they tied for scoring honors in the opening tilt on the mountain this year

It appears that Joe Myers, '29, and Bev Young, '28, are also doing some fine hardwood work at Vanderbilt University this year.

Howard Allen, former football and baseball star at M. B. A., held down the quarterback position on the freshman team at Murray College in Kentucky this fall. He was also captain.

Buddy Hackman, '26, former athletic star at M. B. A., has covered himself with glory in the school at large as well as on the gridiron at the University of Tennessee. Hackman was elected President of the student body for this year.

Montgomery Bell Academy is nearing its sixty-fourth anniversary. It is one of the oldest schools of its kind in the South today. It also ranks high among the preparatory schools in the South. During the school's long

existence it has put out some noteworthy men. M. B. A., like many other preparatory schools, has graduates scattered about all over the world, and its graduates are all proud of the name M. B. A.

It is a school that has stood for the highest kind of standards, both in sports and scholarship and most of the graduates have lived up to this standard. Of course there are some of the graduates who go out into life and never amount to anything, but this occurs in every school. The larger per cent, however, take their traditions with them and are respected business or professional men wherever you find them.

Brownlee O. Curry, '21, with several other business men of Nashville recently organized a new firm called the Equitable Securities Corporation. The new company has its headquarters in the Harry Nichol building. It will specialize in the handling of high grade municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds. Mr. Curry is president of the new firm.

Since Mr. Curry's graduation from Vanderbilt in '22 he has been assistant cashier of the Fourth and First National Bank of this city. Later he became

sales manager of the bond department of the Fourth and First National Company. He is also secretary of the Nashville Exchange Club.

EXCHANGES

The Exchange Department would like to explain, at this time, the value and purpose of a school paper such as the Bulletin. We think that the main purpose of a school publication should be to advance the literary side of the students, as well as to present news of the various activities in the school.

A school paper is what you might call the mouthpiece of the school. Its various departments generally take in review the progress of the school in social, literary and athletic branches.

* * *

Schools, of course, are of many different types. Some have large student bodies and numerous divisions which can be reviewed easily and which furnish material for their paper. Others have comparatively small student bodies and consequently the literary ability of the students must be emphasized.

* * *

Such a paper is The Bulletin. In a school like Montgomery Bell, the pupils are more or less like a large family. The activities of the school are limited and thus offer only a slight opportunity for write-ups in the school paper. The different societies and clubs can therefore be taken care of in a brief manner and this leaves plenty of room for the writings of the students.

* * *

The Exchange Column is the place for comments and criticisms, both of ourselves and others. The value of these Exchanges is unlimited. From them we learn what is going on in

other schools, and also they enable us to keep in contact with out-of-town schools.

* * *

We have received a large variety of papers and would be very glad to add more schools to our Exchange list. We appreciate those publications which we have received, and hope that we become acquainted with some new schools through this department.

HOMAGE

He lies in a lonely valley,
Beneath two cold, grey stones
While weeds, and leaves, and
wild flowers,
Guard his forgotten bones.

No one stoops to do him honor,
Nor stops and casts a sigh,
None ever sheds a tear for him,
But just keeps passing by.

Yet once they all did love him
well,
He sought not gold or fame,
But strove to help his fellow men
While goodness was his aim.

He played the game fair and
square,
And filled his heart with love,
So when his one great Master
called,
He smiled and went above.

Now in a land across the sea,
There lies another man,
But in a great white marble tomb
That he himself did plan.
Amid his swords and battle flags
That rests in proud array,
Men stand and bow their heads
with awe,
As his wicked bones decay.

And as the South wind blows
across

That other earthly shrine
We need not sorrow for this man
For he is now divine.
Shropshire, '32.

THE THANSGIVING DINNER They poked his breast and felt
 A turkey and a hot dog were lying side by side,
 But the turkey was disdainful for he was filled with pride;
 Thanksgiving Day was near at hand and a table he would grace,
 And so he felt that the hot-dog was extremely out of place.

His glance was cold and haughty and his manner plainly said
 To the shrinking little wiener, "You're just as good as dead.
 Tomorrow is my day, Bud, so go and chase yourself;
 Get back into your greasy sack and stay upon the shelf."

The wiener bristled at these words and made a bold reply,

"You're not so much, old boy—you know, housewives on me rely.

Your time comes only once a year, while I come every day;

And so it seems to me, my love, it's you who's in the way."

The turkey turned his back and pretended not to hear

The hot dog growling at his side; he wished the butcher near
 To twist this upstart's neck or slap him in the face

For insulting him—a turkey—with a turkey's kingly grace.

"You're just a lowly pup," he cried, "while I am something rare;

I'm always held in great esteem as most uncommon fare.

I bring a price where you are nil and get this too, you sinner,

That everyone is proud to tell they had me for a dinner."

So one by one the patrons came and inquired the turkey's price;

But all agreed it was too much though he was plump and nice.

And told the butcher, "money's scarce—we'll eat kraut and wienies."

Francis Washington, '32.

ODESSA HEARTBALMER'S LETTER BOX

Dear Odessa:

I am desperately in love with a girl. Her parents do not like me and neither does the girl. What can I do to win her love and gain her parents' favor?

Nick Morris.

N. M.: Yours is a most peculiar case. Tact and confidence will help immensely in this crusade. My advice to you is to take the girl's parents to the show on Tuesday and Friday nights. If no visible change has been made in their attitude toward you, then try adding Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights to the program. Going to church and taking them driving on Sunday will help also. After several weeks of this you'll find yourself in such a state of financial embarrassment that going with a girl will be a physical impossibility.

Odessa Heartbalmer.

* * *

Dear Odessa Heartbalmer:

My fiancée refuses to marry me until I have gotten out of school. The prospect of spending ten or fifteen more years in school is disheartening. How can I make her see the hopelessness of such a situation and how can I get out of school.

A. T. Levine.

A. T. L.: Why don't you try burning the schoolhouse down?

Odessa Heartbalmer.

* * *

I am naturally a little vain of my singing as I graduated from

an exceedingly difficult six months correspondence course in three weeks. Unfortunately I missed several lessons during the Christmas rush and for this reason my diploma is being withheld. My girl insists on my capitalizing meanwhile on the fruits of my endeavors. What would advise me to do?

"Johnny Marvin" Raby.

"J. M." Raby: Get a job calling trains.

Odessa Heartbalmer.

* * *

Dear Odessa Heartbalmer:

How can I slay the ladies? (Enclosed is a photograph of myself).

Russell Crawford.

R. C.: Judging from face value you should go a long way.

Odessa Heartbalmer.

* * *

Dear Odessa Heartbalmer:

My girl insisted that I try the new eighteen day diet fad. Knowing that she had my best interests at heart I hesitated to hurt her feelings by refusing. After several days of this nonsense I began to look like a mere shadow of my former self. I lost weight rapidly. Instead of my average weekly gain of seven pounds I was only gaining three pounds, a loss of four pounds a week. I can't continue to jeopardize my health in any such manner although she has been a wonderful inspiration. What would you advise?

"Mount Helvey" McKelvey.

"M. H." McKelvey:

More inspiration.

Odessa Heartbalmer.

"Butts" Geny, '26, s the proud father of a baby girl that was born recently.

* * *

The following, from Sewanee:
Dan McAlpine, '28; Jimmy Bass, '28; Ward Phillips, '28;

Jack Morton, '29; Isaac Ball III, '30; Jimmy Kranz, '30; Donald Ellis, '29; Wash Frazier, '29; Don Blair, '28, are all spending the Christmas holidays at home.

* * *

McKelvey (in the lunch room):
'Give me a nickel plate lunch with oysters and drink.

* * *

Green: Chile, I want to come out for basketball.

Chile (sarcastically): I know you are just as eager as you are green, but you are too small.

* * *

Mr. Davidson: Elkins, why didn't you get your math?

Elkins: Well, you see, Lambeth was absent today.

* * *

Seabolt: What day is New Year's?

Levine: I don't know, but I think it's the first.

* * *

Mrs. Ball (in ancient history):
Who were the architects of the Parthenon?

Morris: Foster and Creighton.

* * *

Seabolt (writing to Santa):
Dear Santa: Please bring me some cigarettes and then some more cigarettes.

* * *

During the speech-making at the football banquet every one thought that Petey Harris would turn to a block of ice, but he held his audience spellbound for two minutes.

* * *

'Fessor Early: What does Dona Perfecto mean?

Pearson: That's the name of a cigar.

* * *

It is generally understood that Raby and Pearson will get an invitation this year to the Nose Bowl.

* * *

Do you know these boys:
Bimbo, Goliath, Zuzu, Muscha, Mount Helvey, Mary Lou, Dynamite, Strong Boy, Roughhouse, and Bungle?

Shropshire (in math): What did you say sodium is used for?
 Moore: Biscuits and indigestion.

* * *
 Wanted—To know if Briscoe is in love, or did he just get that hair lotion for Christmas?

* * *
 Harris: What language are you taking, Hurn?

Hurn: Greek.
 Harris: What are you taking Greek for?

Hurn: Well, you see, I might have to open up a restaurant some time.

* * *
 Coach Hardin: Now, don't eat much before this game. A piece of beef, a potato, toast and tea—a light luncheon like that.

Poage: Shucks, that sounds like Thanksgiving dinner to me!

* * * BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Burge quit talking.
 Morton missed a math problem.

Holt admitted that he was dumb.

Doerr didn't wear but one pair of shoulder pads in the Irish game.

McKelvey lost five pounds.

Morris missed a football game.
 Seabolt bought a package of cigarettes.

Ellis combed his hair.

Halloran grew one inch.

Mallernee didn't get time in math on Monday.

Armstrong told a joke and somebody laughed.

Ring got a hair cut.

B. Morris worked his own math.

* * *
 To be sung to the tune of Barney Google:

Zuzu Bracey with his great big eyes;

Zuzu Bracey had a girl three times his size.

Zuzu asked her for a date.
 She said, I'm sorry, but you don't rate.

McKelvey and Levine at candy counter: Levine, what kind of candy do you like?

Levine: Milky Ways.
 McKelvey: Butler, give me two Hershey's.

* * *
 Bracey: Why do they call me Zuzu?

Smith: Aw, go look in the mirror.

* * *
 Armstrong: What three ways does Buckner differ from McKelvey?

Ring: Shape, size and fashion.

* * *
 Harris had prepared a snappy little speech for the banquet.

* * *
 W. Smith (at gym class): Oh, look at that big baseball!

* * *
 Hardin is next to the smartest boy in Mr. Ball's Latin 3 class.

* * *
 Famous Mac: Macbeth, McKelvey, McDougale and McHugh.

* * *
 Wanted—To know how Glenn got rid of that Charlie horse he had all season at the Father Ryan game.

* * *
 Mr. Davidson: Who borrowed my book?

No answer.

Mr. Davidson: Then who stole my book?

No answer.

Mr. Davidson: The whole class, two hours!

* * *
 Levine: Morton, have you come to a terminus?

Morton (finishing his unch): No, only a junction. I change here for a Milky Way.

* * *
 Mrs. Ball: Poage, did you like Shakespeare's plays?

Poage: No'm; he uses such worn-out phrases as "All's well that ends well," and "Lead on, Macduff."

Green: Nick, when do we start basketball practice?

Halloran: Get off my leg, boy, and quit making faces at me.

* * *

Levine: Morris, you look just like you did six years ago.

Morris: I ought to; I am just where I was six years ago.

* * *

Ellis: I saw where five children were kidnapped.

McKelvey: That took 'em.

* * *

Why not put McKelvey on the Bulletin staff in charge of weighty matters?

* * *

WANTED

Something to talk about.—
To win an argument with Mr. Davidson.—Butler.

A gentle barber.—Sisk.

A fight.—Meek.

A cigarette.—Seabolt.

A penny.—Raby.

A date.—Harris.

Bentley: What's the matter with Morton?

Dozier: Sh! He's having a poem.

* * *

Mrs. Ball: Where's the poem? This is a plain piece of paper.

Myers: That is blank verse.

* * *

Seabolt: One of my friends has just celebrated his twentieth wedding anniversary.

Wells: Gosh! He must be a polygamist.

* * *

We have often wondered if what was left off of Buckner's ears was added to his vocal cords.

* * *

Mallernee: Ought one to be punished for something he did not do?

Professor Davidson: Certainly not.

Mallernee: Well, I didn't do my math.



SIXTH GAME

M. B. A., 0; Morgan, 19

M. B. A. journeyed down to Petersburg to engage the strong Morgan outfit. During the first half M. B. A. seemed unable to fathom the baffling attack of their opponents. In the first period two touchdowns were scored. In the second period the M. B. A. defense tightened and after not being able to make any headway through the line, Morgan took to the air to score their third and last touchdown. In the second half an inspired M. B. A. team took the field and fought the Morgan team to a standstill. M. B. A.'s whole backfield displayed power in their running attack. The bright lights in the line were Holt, Blair, Thompson, Lovelace and Butler. For Morgan Capt. Edwards, Coffman and Troop looked best for the winners.

SEVENTH GAME

M. B. A., 0; Baylor, 0

The game with Baylor played on M. B. A.'s field was a real thriller as well as showing much improvement on the part of the M. B. A. line, who held the strong eleven from Chattanooga to a scoreless tie. M. B. A. threatened the Baylor goal line twice in the opening quarter but penalties hindered their chances. The Baylor team presented a strong defense when their goal line was threatened. The punting of Harris who managed to keep the ball in Baylor's territory most of the game was an outstanding fea-

ture. In the M. B. A. line Lovelace, Blair and Doerr played with unusual brilliance. The Baylor team presented stars in Crumbliss, Simmons and Suderkh.

EIGHTH GAME

M. B. A., 7; C. H. M. A., 28

M. B. A. went down valiantly fighting to bow before the Castle Heights cadets on our field 28 to 7. The Maroons carried the fight to the visitors in the first quarter and scored soon after the game had started. After a sustained march Perry Doerr rammed the six pointer over. Raby added the extra point via a dropkick. Castle Heights tied the score in the second quarter as the half ended. On three occasions M. B. A. took the ball on downs from the powerful cadets within our ten-yard line. These supernatural stands, however, used all the strength of the Maroons and during the final quarter the cadets shot through wide holes and completed numerous passes to break down our defense. The work of Hurn, Sisk, Raby, Elam and Holt was noteworthy on the defense. Capt. Nick Halloran, Perry Doerr, Bud Pearson and Shorty Yates all did great work on the offense. For the cadets Dean, Woods and Gilbert shone in the backfield and Marshall, Johnson, and Morgan stood out in the forward wall.

NINTH GAME

M. B. A., 0; Ryan High, 25

M. B. A. closed its season by playing Ryan High in Sulphur Dell on Thanksgiving morn. The undefeated Panthers finished their season by beating the scrappy Maroon warriors to the tune of 25 to 0. The inability of our backfield to break up the Irish passing attack was disastrous to our hopes. The first score of the game was made in the second quarter when Frank Sullivan converted an intercepted pass into a touchdown. Five minutes before the half was over Curley raced twenty yards for another tally. In the third quarter M. B. A. stiffened and held

the Irish scoreless. The last two Irish scores came in the last six minutes of play. Two more passes netted two more touchdowns and the game was over. Both teams were hampered by the extremely cold weather. Curley was shackled in his usual spectacular punt returning by the beautiful way in which Holt and Thompson covered our punts. The M. B. A. team fought the usual hard game that has characterized its play throughout the season. Petey Harris, Perry Doerr, Hurn and Capt. Halloran were great on the defense. In the forward wall, Blair, Burge, Holt, Thompson and Lovelace all played good games. For the Irish, Swords, Doyle, Curley and Capt. Frank Sullivan starred.

 FOOTBALL 1930

M. B. A.....	6	Duncan	26
M. B. A.....	13	Wallace	6
M. B. A.....	13	B. & H.....	6
M. B. A.....	0	B. G. A.	21
M. B. A.....	0	C. M. A.	39
M. B. A.....	0	Morgan	19
M. B. A.....	0	Baylor	0
M. B. A.....	7	C. H. M. A.	28
M. B. A.....	0	Father Ryan	25
<hr/>			
Total	39	Opponents	160

And now that the 1930 football season is over and Coach Hardin's Maroon warriors have put away their moleskins until next fall, we might make a last comment on the team.

Although our record is not so good and our schedule is marred by defeat, we have nothing to be ashamed of. Every M. B. A. boy and loyal alumnus should be proud of the fact that the team went down fighting, and although they took it on the chin more than once, they never quit or let up until the last whistle had blown.

The team held its annual banquet last week. After much feasting and many excellent speeches, the election for captain was held.

Nick Halloran was re-elected captain and Jimmy Blair was elected alternate captain. Congratulations, Nick and Jimmy! We wish you all the success in the world and the best of luck. We also feel sure we will have a team next year that will be fighting around the top with these two boys leading us, and we are proud of the fighting spirit and clean sportsmanship that they displayed this season.

The following players received letters: Captain Halloran, Alternate Captain-elect Blair, Hurn, Yates, Harris, Doerr, Pearson, Poage, Shropshire, Armstrong, Hardin, Holt, Thomson, Dyer, Raby, Lovelace, Burge, Butler, Elam, Roberts and Manager McKelvey. McKelvey was also elected manager for next year.



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